

Children's Newspaper, June 8, 1940

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

**Wartime
Issue—2d**

 Number 1107
 Week ending
 JUNE 8, 1940

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Postage Inland 1d
Abroad 1d

Farewell, Liberty, Till We Meet Again

As this is sent to press the dark clouds gather round us. One by one the small nations, who realised their peril too late, have collapsed before the pitiless power of the mechanised forces of Nazi Barbarism, and France and Britain with their Empires hold the fort almost alone. Now it is every man for Liberty, and, in the end, for free men everywhere Victory at a great price.

We are free no more to do as we will—except that in all our hearts we will to do what our Country asks of us.

We have surrendered ourselves, our lives, our homes, our properties, our pleasures, our mental powers, our strong right arm, to the Motherland that has made us what we are and given us what we have. All for each and each for all is the motto for every one of us till these dark days are past.

Uplifting Our Hearts

We are in the Valley of the Shadow, as again and again our land has been in her thousand years. She has been faced with peril and threatened with defeat, but never has this land been conquered by a foreign foe, and now that it is menaced once again it is to ourselves as a united nation that each of us has given up our liberty, willing to throw all that we have and are into the scales of life and death. In not many minutes a Bill was passed by which the Government has taken possession of us all with power to do with us as it will.

It was only possible that that should be done because we are a united people at last. There may still be a few crazy folk among us who will do nothing to help the land which gives them all, and there are enemies within our gates who would betray us; but there have been few spectacles in history more sublime than the sight of our people uplifting their hearts to God last week in an hour of bitterness such as none of us

has known before. We were at church with the King and his Ministers, drawing from the fountain of our strength the secret power that will uphold us till Wrong has been flouted and Right is triumphant throughout the earth.

Till then it is ours to be patient without ceasing and to lay all that we have on the altar of our freedom. No sacrifice is now too great for us to make, for, like our soldiers and airmen and sailors, we are on the battlefield at last.

Clothed with the scientific powers of the 20th century, the spirit of the hyena and the wolf has burst upon mankind. It has destroyed whole countries and murdered their peoples, and it comes on and on, creeping here like a crocodile encased in steel, springing there like a tiger devouring all, lurking everywhere like a snake with poisoned fangs.

It Depends On You

And now it is within reach of these Islands. For the first time in our historic annals the enemy is at the gate, longing to destroy us. The Nazi Gangsters are thwarted by the British Empire in their effort to dominate the world. They would overturn our civilisation, our institutions, our faith in God, and enslave our people as they have enslaved the Germans, the Czechs, the Poles, and the Danes. It is the British stronghold of Liberty that stands in their way of conquering first Europe and then the whole world. They are seized with the lust of power and

nothing will restrain them but a greater force than they command. They must be crushed or liberty must perish from the earth.

And so it is that you and I, old and young, rich and poor, strong and weak, must be ready now to sacrifice whatever must be (even life itself) in order that the enemy may be flung back wherever he is found. It is his life or ours. We are his slaves if we are beaten, and every one of us is a soldier on the field. It is when things are blackest that our courage and patience count most. Let us remember the Archbishop's words, "It all depends on me."

Fighters All

Some fight with planes and some with guns and some with ships at sea, but all of us fight with the spirit God has planted within us. We fight by being courageous and willing to suffer or to wait. We fight by saving all we can and refusing to waste a scrap of paper, a crumb of food, or an ounce of strength. We fight by refusing to despair of our country and refusing to be chatterbugs. We fight by going through the day like the King, with a smile on our lips and our head high. We fight by doing with a glad heart what is best for all and what the Government demands of us. We fight by keeping ourselves fit and at our very best. We fight by refusing to listen to those who would depress us, or hinder us, or who would have us believe that the Bible is on the side of the destroyers of the world. We fight by scorning false rumour, by waiting for the truth to be revealed, by steadfastly believing that our righteous cause will conquer.

We have given up our Liberty to save it. From Hitler we could never get it back: from the Government in the hour of victory we can take it with a smile. So Farewell, Liberty, until we meet again. We have had it for a thousand years and nothing shall daunt us now.

The Lizard and the Snake

We have been reading of a little green lizard, one of the grey, blue-headed lizards known in Southern Rhodesia as koggelmanders, one of which has figured in a duel sufficiently stirring to justify a report of it by cable.

The lizard was seen by people at Umvuma engaged in a deadly thrust and parry with a cobra, which struck six times in succession and was six times eluded by the lizard's lightning movements. Each defensive move by the lizard was followed by an attack not less rapid, and after every escape it turned with courage unshaken to inflict a sharp bite on the back of the cobra's head. Six times the manoeuvre was repeated; then the cobra sank down, dead. The victor measured 4 inches, its victim 5 feet 7.

Nature is generous in her gifts of strength to the small diamond and of high courage to the tiny members

of her living family. A few years ago a common mouse was put in a cage one night as food for a viper which was then figuring in a nature film, but in the morning the snake was dead with the mouse, which had been bitten yet had paid back its enemy.

Little hearts may be animated by the highest valour. Bird photographers know that, in securing close-ups, the birds by which they are most fiercely resisted and buffeted are not the eagles, the owls, and ravens, but invincible little warblers and such tiny valiants, which dash at the face and eyes of the intruder.

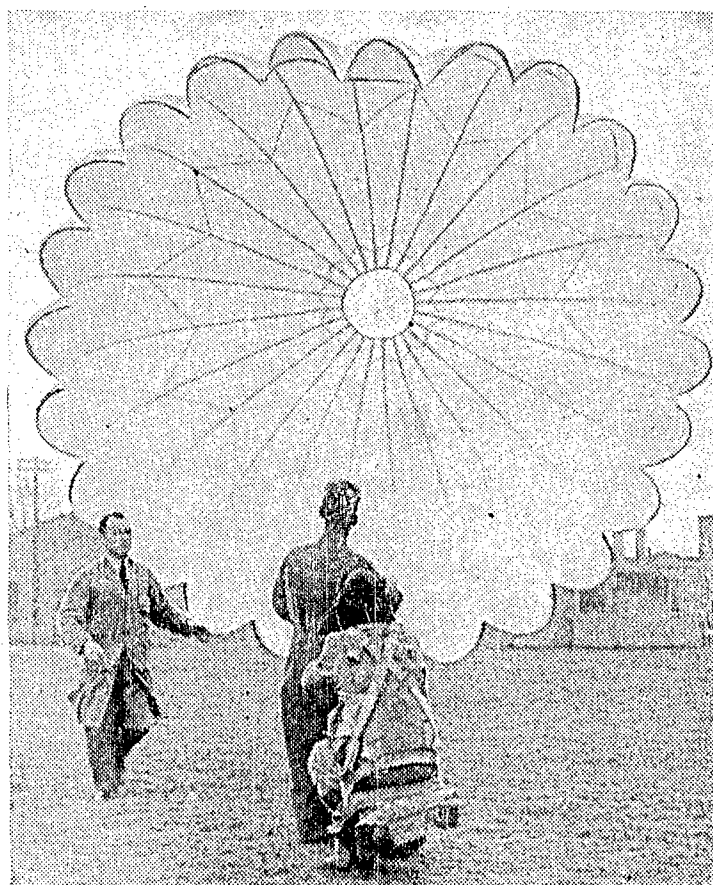
What dragon could scare a cat from her kittens, a wren from her nestlings? What stoat, however fearless in its attitude to man, can withstand the hind-foot attack of a rabbit defending her young against it? And what in the world is there

that can occasion alarm to a tiny ant or divert it from its purpose?

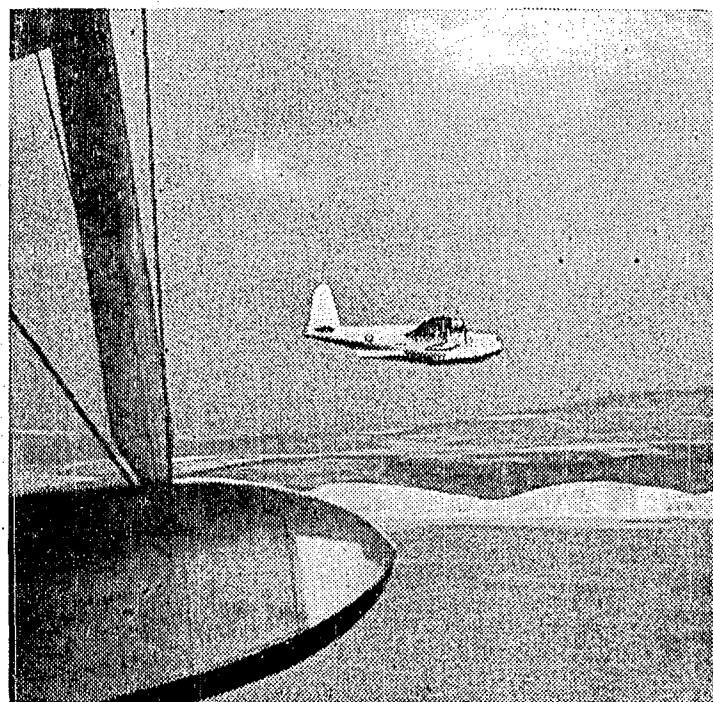
It is this inestimable courage that keeps many of the little things on earth from generation to generation living members of the tree of life. One of the delightful consequences of men's association with animals is that they exercise their shining gifts of daring and self-sacrifice ungrudgingly for our advantage and defence.

When Mr Cherry Kearton went to South Africa to photograph a series of lion hunts a few years ago it was his dog Simba, a midget fox-terrier, who proved the leading character of the expedition. Two lions having been sighted and lost, Simba dashed into the bush to reappear almost immediately attached by her teeth to the tail of an angry lion. In vain he sought to shake the little terrier off; Simba held on till the lion was no more.

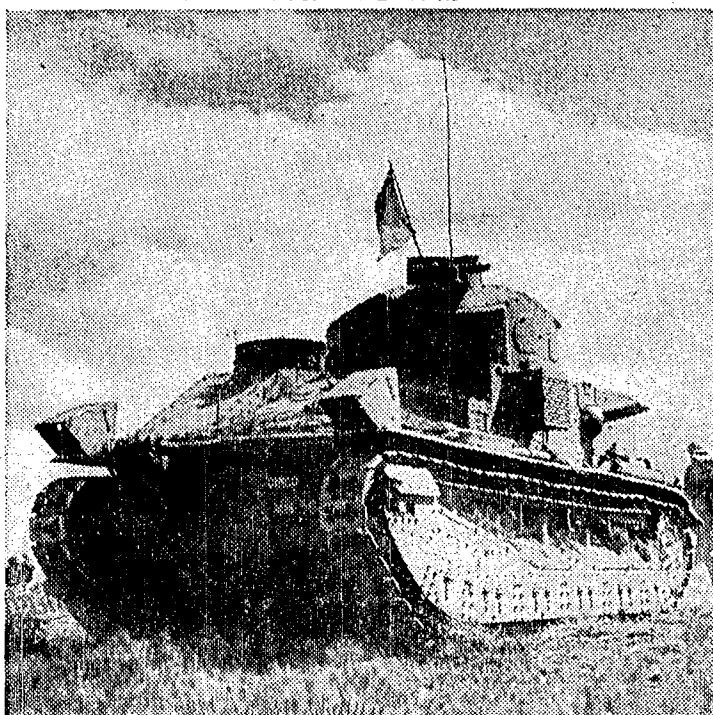
The Great Powers



THE PARACHUTE



THE PLANE



THE TANK

FREEDOM WILL BE SAVED IN THE SKIES

Planes and Yet More Planes

PLANES, more planes, is the cry of the hour. It is increasingly likely that Freedom will be saved in the skies.

Civilisation depends on the thing that was not in the world when our century began.

We were talking of it with Wilbur Wright, the first man to fly, who thought his aeroplane would bring peace to the world by drawing men together. As he thought the plane would never carry more than one or perhaps two men we asked him what was the use of so great a thing for so little, and Lord Balfour, who was of the company, exclaimed, "Solitary bliss."

Solitary bliss, indeed! Today the demand is for planes and yet more planes to destroy the most appalling tyranny that has oppressed mankind.

Planes and Cars

If we can make half a million cars a year, why can't we have 100,000 planes at once?

It is a question numerous people are asking today and there are many reasons for the difference in the rate of production.

Planes will never be produced in such quantities as cars for the simple reason that planes are not so simple as cars. Each plane, even of the fighter class, is equal to several cars. Take the case of the wonderful British Spitfires and Hurricanes. These fighters are fitted with a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine of 1050 h.p. It is a question of sheer concentrated power, for within its small compass this engine has the power of a fleet of ten big London buses or a squadron of 30 family cars.

The moving band on which a car grows from nothing to the almost finished product is, of course, quite impossible for the aeroplane. The construction of an aeroplane is in some ways more to be compared with putting up a building. The parts must be made elsewhere and then brought together to be assembled. And for many of these parts special jigs have to be constructed and if the design is altered new jigs must first be provided before new parts can be built up.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Cadre. Used in the grave speech by the French Premier the other day, this is a French word meaning framework, used in our army for the officers and key men of any unit who form the nucleus on which the whole is built up.

Excess Profits Tax. Under the Emergency Powers Defence Act just passed the rate of the Excess Profits Tax has been raised from 60 to 100 per cent, which ensures that no profits can be made out of the war. Defined as profits exceeding the average made in normal times, these were first taxed in September 1915.

L.D.V. The initial letters of the Local Defence Volunteers, a part-time Force established under a special Act of Parliament for local military duties such as guarding buildings, watching the skies for parachutists, and so on.

Ruhr. The name of an important coal and iron district in Germany derived from a tributary of the Rhine. Essen, the centre of Krupp's munition works, is here.

The famous Handley Page Hampden bomber is one machine built on what is known as the split construction scheme. Complete with its war load, this machine weighs over eight tons and has two 1000 h.p. engines. The machine is built in small units which can be rapidly assembled.

It is quite easy to arrange for the production of aircraft in big numbers, but quantity is not the main thing. In these few tragic weeks it has been proved again and again that it is quality that counts. Our planes, though outnumbered by those of the Nazis, are infinitely superior in performance, and the British authorities are not content with that. In this more than in almost any other industry change occurs constantly, and the plane must be improving all the time. We cannot risk our machines being inferior to the enemy's, so that mass production for its own sake would be wrong. While we were doing that the enemy might produce new and more effective machines.

A Steady Stream

When we consider the enormous number of instruments and gadgets that a plane must have, and the number of parts that go to make it up (hundreds of thousands if we include every little nut and bolt and rivet), it will be seen that planes cannot be produced in numbers like cars for this reason alone. It may be that in half a dozen planes there are a million parts.

Rapid plane production is a question of skilful organisation to keep these parts moving into the factories in a steady stream. A slowing-down in one small factory could conceivably hold up the whole vast organisation with disastrous effect.

For a long time our output has been enormous and it will now be greater still. The enemy has good cause to respect the quality of our products, no less than the superb qualities of our pilots. Germany began with an enormous advantage over us in numbers, but there is no doubt whatever that we shall rapidly overtake her.

Treachery

It is a dreadful thing to take the life of an individual, but it is nothing to taking away the life of a nation.

In these weighty words a speaker in Parliament supported a new measure imposing the death penalty in grave cases of spying or sabotage. Acts of treachery of this kind are already offences under Treason Acts which in some cases date back to the 14th century and call for the special procedure of a Treason trial.

The new law brings offenders of British or neutral alien nationality within the ordinary forms of law with a jury to decide their guilt, while enemy aliens will be tried by court-martial.

No crime in time of war can be worse than that of helping the enemy or of hampering defence, for both crimes endanger the lives of innocent children and of our fellow citizens, and they deserve no mercy.

Little News Reels

Lightning has blown up a bridge which had been mined in Central Sweden.

The Australian Red Cross is sending enough money to buy ten ambulances for France.

During a silence at a service at Orpington in memory of Canadian soldiers who died in the last war the sound of gunfire from the coast was heard.

Mr Kenneth Bell, senior tutor of Balliol, went with ten members of the college to Witney, where they did some hoeing and started a scheme to provide extra labour for farmers.

More than 100,000 people have attended the National Gallery concerts begun last October; there have been 150 performances and over 800 artists have appeared.

Essex County Council meetings are in future to open with prayer.

A blacksmith's forge at Northfleet in Kent has closed after two centuries.

India is manufacturing boots for the Allies and expects to maintain deliveries at the rate of 125,000 pairs a month.

Over 2,400 bags of Dr Barnardo's Homes are now serving with the Forces.

The workpeople of Leicester are giving a penny a week from their wages to the Red Cross.

It is said that foot and mouth disease is rife throughout Germany, and no vaccine can be obtained for treating it.

Two broadcasts of public men brought substantial cheques for public use the other day, one of £200 to Mr Herbert Morrison and one of £500 to Mr Attlee.

A handbag lost by a woman survivor from the torpedoed liner Athenia has just been returned to the owner, an Australian lady.

There was shown at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in London a process of germinating seedlings of vegetables in chemical solutions so as to shorten the period of germination and stimulate the growth of food.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Westminster Guides have given valuable help at a local convent, making up 250 beds for Dutch and Belgian refugees.

Guides of the Dominions and Colonies have contributed generously to the Gift Week fund; among totals already known are £280 from Bermuda and £900 from New South Wales.

Guides and Scouts in Paris are doing splendid work in helping the refugees.

Scouts are to help farmers to harvest crops during their summer camps.

Scouts Labshankar Bhagwanji and Tulsidas Chumilal, of the 5th Zanzibar Group, have been awarded Gilt Crosses for rescuing natives from drowning in Zanzibar Harbour.

Scottish Scouts over 14 are to help the Forestry Commission throughout the summer at their camps.

The number of Sea Scouts in the Thames River Emergency Service is now well over a hundred.

THINGS SEEN

A man nearing his 99th year digging for victory at Orpington.

German prisoners arriving in England rejoicing to be captured.

Four cygnets going for a ride on their mother's back in a London park.

The King to You and Me

THE decisive struggle is now known it, and the descent of darkness upon its ruins.

Let no one be mistaken: it is no mere territorial conquest that our enemies are seeking; it is the overthrow, complete and final, of this Empire and of everything for which it stands; and after that the conquest of the world.

It was not easy for us to believe that designs so evil could find a place in the human mind; but the time for doubt is long past. To all men of vision and goodwill throughout the world the issue is now plain: it is life or death for us all. Defeat will not mean some brief eclipse from which we shall emerge with strength renewed—it will mean destruction of our world as we have

At this fateful hour we turn, as our fathers before us have turned in all times of trial, to God Most High. Let us with one heart and soul humbly but confidently ask His aid that we may valiantly defend the right.

So now, Peoples of the Empire, men and women in all quarters of the globe, I say to you: Put into your task, whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshaken. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips, and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail.

The Voice of the Vatican

ALL the free world is thankful to the Pope for his bold stand for freedom; he is a Sentinel of Christendom, and all liberty-loving nations are uplifted by the frequent pronouncements from the Vatican.

Perhaps it is worth while to put on record once more the Five Points of Peace as laid down by Pope Pius the Twelfth.

1. All nations, great and small, strong and weak, have a right to life and independence. The will to live of one nation must never be equivalent to sentence of death for another.

2. The nations must be freed from the burden of armament races and from the danger that material forces may become not the defender but the tyrannical violator of right. Peace must be founded upon disarmament, mutually accepted, both

in the practical and spiritual order of things.

3. Lessons must be drawn from past experience. This applies also to the creation or reconstitution of international institutions.

4. In particular, attention must be paid to the true needs and just demands of the nations and peoples, and of the ethnical minorities. Such demands may not be strong enough to establish a strict right, but may deserve friendly examination, so that they may be met in a peaceful manner and if necessary by a fair, wise, and agreed revision of treaties.

5. Rulers of the peoples and the peoples themselves must become imbued with that spirit of moral justice which alone can breathe life into the dead letter of international instruments—with the sense of responsibility which measures human statutes according to the rules of divine right.

An Italian Lady Speaks

This extract is from a letter written by an Italian lady in Liguria and we take it from a New York journal which has received it.

WHAT a success after seventeen years of intensified patriotism, of exasperated Italianism, of military shows!

We cannot bear it any longer. There is no more soap; we have half a pound of sugar monthly; there are neither needles nor thread; no wool, no coal; and we are already forbidden to store fuel for next winter. We know that they will ration even our very bad bread. In addition to all the taxes we pay

(about 20 per cent on even the lowest starvation salaries and wages), we shall from February 8 pay 2 per cent on everything we buy. If a child buys a caramel worth 5 centimes he must pay a tax of 5 centimes upon it.

Thanks for your coffee; through it, in exchange, we can get some more sugar. We do not any more eat either meat or fish; now we must give up home-made cakes and compôte and jam. At the time of the so much despised Liberal Government we never fell so low, even at the end of the war. What will happen to us if we enter war in these conditions?

Dutch

THE number of Dutch words in English dictionaries is surprising till we remember that in Edward the Third's day great numbers of Dutch weavers settled in England, and that the dialect they brought with them permeated our speech.

Many of their words are part of the very fibre of our language. Nor must we forget that in Queen Elizabeth's time our soldiers, who went to Holland to fight side by side with the Dutch against Spain, picked up many new words and phrases.

Words like curl, lash, spool (a reel to wind yarn), tuck, botch (to repair or patch), and huckster, most of them associated with weaving or with woven materials, are common in this country and are of Dutch origin. Such words as cough, mud, muddle, nag, fop, loll, luck, rabble, scoff, scold, slender, slight, sprout, tub, tuck, and wisecrack are all Dutch.

From Dutch seamen of long ago we borrowed hoist, hold (when it means the hold of a ship), hull, skipper, and the names of at least three kinds of sailing vessels:

yacht, hoy, and sloop. The word boom, meaning the horizontal pole on which a sail swings, is Dutch.

Other Dutch words include dollar, gilder, hogshcad, and holland, a kind of linen; and the words easel and landscape are both derived from Dutch artists.

A Little Bird on the Peace

The most talkative member of a Glasgow family is Sandy, a pet budgerigar.

There is nothing he likes better than sugar, for Sandy has a sweet tooth. He will coax "a sugar piecie" out of an admirer in a trice, for no one can resist his voice.

The other day the family were sitting listening to the BBC booming out "It is not only peace we want; it must be an honourable peace, a lasting peace," when the end of the sentence was drowned by Sandy. A sugar piecie, he demanded shrilly, sending the solemn group into an uncontrollable burst of mirth.

A PLAGUE OF FIELD MICE

Some astonishing figures have been lately set out about the plague of field mice in parts of North America. They spread and multiply faster far than rabbits in Australia. In some of the Eastern States they number 200 to 300 an acre of farm land; but the mouse populations in the alfalfa fields of Nevada number from 8000 to 12,000 an acre, and the damage they do is enormous. Nothing seems to check them, and in the absence of natural checks they are the most prolific of nature's mammals. A family a fortnight is the field mouse's habit. Innumerable other creatures prey on them, hawks and gulls, weasels and foxes, badgers and snakes, but still they go on.

ROBIN THE RED

Our pilots in their splendid aeroplanes have quite outdistanced all the birds in the height and speed of air travel, but the birds are still supreme in take-off, steering, and alighting.

Disregarding the marvellous humming-bird, which can fly backwards, or the swift which wheels and turns in a manner that would overtax the stability of the stoniest plane, we have a prime example in the little robin.

A robin which one of our readers fed two or three times a day throughout the long weeks of the bitter winter, in order to reach the feeding-place—a little clearing in a wood—sprang from open ground, flew through a hedge and between the boughs of trees to alight always on the same twig, coming to rest instantly, and posing motionless like a little statue. The whole considerable flight through intricacy and obstruction was performed as in a flash.

THE WORLD IS SMALLER AND SMALLER

In these last few weeks, when the ferocity of German barbarism has so stirred America, Mr Roosevelt has been reminding the American people that war draws closer and closer to their country.

It is a shorter distance, he has pointed out, from the centre of Europe to Santiago in Chile than it was for the chariots of Alexander to roll from Macedonia to Persia. The Americans have also been reminded that, whereas it took four or five weeks for Napoleon's armies to move from Paris to Rome, it is now only four or five hours from the continent of Africa to the continent of America.

JOHN HAMPDEN'S COUNTY

Surely the best book on Buckinghamshire ever written: 206 towns and villages are described, and there are 100 superb photographs, beautifully produced. Ancient, medieval, and recent history all come into the story. Great men and outstanding events take their place with lesser-known but fascinating, quaint, and curious tales. This is a book for leisurely enjoyment, whose charm will never fall.

National Newsagent on the King's England, Buckinghamshire Volume

The Stone Age Man's Whistle

THE boy who can play the tin whistle may be proud to think he is carrying on an art first invented by the Stone Age man. In their caves they hollowed out the slenderest bones of deer to play a tune on them. Some of these have come down to us after 20,000 years, and they were the first flutes.

A learned musician has been busy tracing the descent of these primitive instruments. With only one hole they could sound only one note; so the hollow stems were

The Archdeacon of Seychelles writes to us welcoming the CN and sending us these interesting notes of life in these small islands of the Indian Ocean.

Any CN reader who has some odd books to spare for the school libraries there will be doing a great service by sending them to the Venerable B. J. Sole, The Rectory, Victoria, Mahé, Seychelles.

PERHAPS it would make some of your readers envious (writes the Archdeacon) if they heard of our delightfully peaceful life among these simple people. English children would appreciate their care-free life, sailing, fishing, camping, bathing in a perpetual summer.

These islands are almost entirely unspoiled by modern civilisation. We have our own sailing boat for the Scouts and I take them out

regularly once a week sailing in our perfect harbour, where the only things we have to be careful of is not to run on the coral reefs, and not to bathe where there may be sharks. The boys have a queer notion that white people are safe, declaring that sharks only go for black boys, whose white soles look like fish darting about in the water as they swim.

But, for those who know, there are safe pools in the coral where we can sometimes bathe from the deck of a boat, and there are innumerable sandy beaches.

There was a time when we took the Scouts to camp at Praslin, our second biggest island, 24 miles away. We started back home in a sailing schooner about one o'clock on a Saturday, with the assurance that we should be home in four or

five hours. I was dozing in a deck chair when Mahé was plainly visible a couple of miles away about 10 p.m.

It had been a long voyage, with our last meal about lunch-time, and I was particularly anxious to be home early as I had to take the early service next morning. I dozed again, and it was five in the morning when I looked up to see why we were not already alongside. Mahé still looked about two miles to the shore, but it was not Mahé; it was Praslin once again! The wind had been against us and was blowing dead off the coast at Mahé, when we arrived in my sleep, so it was impossible to get in, and the captain had decided that it was too dangerous to anchor all night because of the reefs, and had turned round and gone back with the wind!

The Happy Life of the Islands

THE WORLD'S OLDEST EGG

Somewhere in the still shrouded galleries of the Natural History Museum a huge Dinosaur's egg is kept waiting for brighter days. It is one of those found by the U.S. expedition to the Gobi Desert which went in search of the most ancient man but discovered instead these relics of the Age of Reptiles, probably ten million years old. But, ancient as these eggs are, they have just lost their world record because in the Rattlesnake Canyon, Texas, an egg has been found which leaves them far behind in antiquity, though in size it is much inferior. It is less than two inches long, but it was found between layers of Carboniferous and Permian strata, and so may be 60 million years old.

BLACK AND WHITE

Charles Darwin would have been interested in a description just published of the strange Tularaca Malpais of New Mexico. It bears out some of his ideas on the survival of the fittest.

The Malpais is a volcanic desert of lava no more than 3000 years old, which has in those centuries supported animals, chiefly mice, peculiar to itself. These Juniper and rock mice, almost black, live in crevices of the lava of the same colour as themselves; but on the outskirts of the Malpais are white sands, and here dwell white pocket mice. Another curious thing about the Malpais is the existence in one part of it of a plentiful spring of water, with rivulets spreading from it. This cold clear water should be a blessing in such a black desert, but it is deceptive. It is so deeply impregnated with certain salts that any human being drinking it would be poisoned. Nevertheless in and about the spring numerous small fish play in the waters, and they are the same as fish of marine origin, still living in the distant Gulf of Mexico.

THE SYCAMORE TREE

A Canadian man of the trees has just pointed out that what in England we call the sycamore tree is really a maple.

It was called a sycamore because in medieval mystery plays it was nearest in appearance to the sycamore which Zaccheus climbed to see the Master pass by. But it is not a true English tree, he says, any more than the English walnut, which came originally from Asia.

DANGER IN THE SNEEZE

Sneezing, after being regarded for long ages as a sign of well being, is now looked on with lively disfavour by the doctors. One of them, Professor M. W. Jennison, has been examining the sneeze by instantaneous photography and has ascertained that it leaves the sneezer at the rate of 100 feet a second, distributing a shower bath of moisture. The smallest droplets never reach the ground, and are easily carried by air currents. That is not the worst. They may carry germs, which float on them, as on parachutes, and before their career is ended do unknown harm.

The Earth is 29 Seconds Fast

OUR solid old Earth expanded itself by about 10 inches towards the end of last century, and 20 years later shrank back again.

This is the explanation put forward by the Astronomer Royal, Dr Spencer Jones, for the otherwise unexplained changes in the Earth's timekeeping. As a timekeeper it is our highest referee, more absolutely accurate than the finest clock in any astronomical observatory. But from time to time it runs faster or slower than it should. If the Earth shrinks by one part in a million it

spins faster, in the way a pendulum swings faster when shortened. The Earth about 1898 was running fast by about four-fifths of a second a year. Then it changed to running slow by about half a second a year, and went on losing for 20 years till it changed once more and began to run fast again.

These fragments of seconds accumulate till at the present time the Earth is about 29 seconds ahead and seems to be still gaining. There was a time (in 1785) when it was 27 seconds slow.



STREET OF THE COBBLERS

The stock-in-trade of these Arab cobblers in Jerusalem is old motor tyres, from which they make serviceable shoes

WEALTH FROM THE SHALLOW WATERS

A special kind of seaweed growing in the shallow waters round the South Australian coast may come to the surface one morning soon and help us to win the war.

It is called Posidonia Australis, and has been found to yield a valuable kind of cellulose fibre which can be useful in a hundred ways.

The Council for Scientific and Industrial Research has discovered that the dried fibre of this weed is comparatively nonflammable. It can be dyed. It can be made into yarn for making carpets, and used for backing oilcloths and linoleums, upholstery and mattresses. It may also be used as an insulator for steam pipes, for which it is as good as asbestos.

The new fibre may save Australia money which she now spends on imports of jute and cork.

A TOWN'S EXAMPLE

The Chief Constable of Salford, Major Godfrey, continues to set an example to all England in his management of motor traffic. His latest annual report shows that while 849 people were charged with over 1000 offences in 1938, last year only 189 people were charged with 262 offences. There is no doubt that this satisfactory state of things is due largely to war conditions, but in a great degree also to the vigilance of the police patrols.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Continue planting out celery as the plants attain sufficient size, and give plenty of water. Hoe and thin the advanced crops of carrots.

Sow seeds of biennials and perennials thinly, in order that the plants may not become overcrowded. The following is a good selection: anemones, wallflowers, sweet-rocket, polyanthus, fox-gloves, Canterbury bells, lunaria, chelone. Thin out annuals as they become large enough, and finish planting out bedding-plants.

INDIA MARCHES ON

India now manufactures within her borders more than 90 per cent of her war requirements. She is now in a position not only to supply her own army, but to help Britain, Singapore, Hong Kong, Egypt, and the Middle East.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Plenty of Time

ALL our lives we have been told that Parliament has no time for this, no time for that.

It could not find time to give babies clean milk, to find work for all, to stop the sale of inflammable celluloid toys.

But we can find time when we are in earnest, and it is good to see that a democratic Parliament can in less than three hours give its Government the greatest powers that any has ever had conferred upon it by a free people. In 163 minutes the Emergency Powers Bill was passed through all its stages.

BBC & World Opinion

It is earnestly to be hoped that by the time these words appear in print racing will have been stopped in England. In any case it is more than time the BBC stopped it.

It has been pitiful to hear the grave news, affecting the destinies of all mankind, followed immediately by the announcements of racing results, slowly and deliberately spoken so that gamblers could write them down.

Till Right is Free

OUR backs are to the wall, Our foes are fierce and strong,

But we are not dismayed, We fight to conquer Wrong.

We fight, we sing, we pray; A bulwark strong are we; God grant that we may stand Till Right again is free.

H. L. G.

JUST AN IDEA

Is not one of the best things about hard times the joy of looking forward to the good times coming?

THE READERS AND THE LISTENERS

The Rockefeller Foundation has been looking into the interesting question of whether people now prefer to Listen or to Read, and we are interested in these few opinions on both sides.

Those Who Prefer to Listen

I UNDERSTAND easier when I am listening; it is explained better.

I live right inside the radio when I listen!

Radio convinces me more, because somebody is telling it to me.

When there is a story on the radio I think I am there, but when I am reading I look up once in a while and know always where I am.

THE LOST SHEEP

It is always good to see a lost sheep return to the fold. It was a pity that the fine brain of Professor Joad should not be at the service of the nation because he believed that it was possible to negotiate a peace with Hitler.

Now the professor has declared that he has changed his mind, agreeing that it is impossible to overthrow "the horrible rule of gangsters and thugs" except by victory in the field.

At last the whole world sees that it is no use arguing with a wolf when he is leaping at you.

THE ONION

LORD WOOLTON, the Food Minister, begs allotment holders to grow plenty of green stuff: lettuces, cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, and turnip tops, we want them all.

But let nobody forget the onion and the carrot, which in a double way show how we need them. Both are health givers, because they contain some vitamins that our food must have if it is to feed us properly. Both come largely from abroad. Last year we imported two-thirds of our carrots and four-fifths of our onions, which is ridiculous. We must grow more onions.

The Drake Touch

ON the black Friday in May when Germany invaded Holland there arrived in a Leeds newspaper office a letter indignantly complaining about the shocking state of one of the city's bowling greens.

It seems to us that this is the Drake touch again.

HAVE YOU A WAR COMPLEX?

THE war is everywhere. The planes are overhead by day. The searchlights pierce the night. If we read a newspaper the war is there. If we go to the cinema it is there. We have only to switch on our wireless to hear the latest news of it. Wherever we go we are reminded in a thousand ways that the war is touching every part of our lives.

Nothing is more natural than that we should unconsciously develop what psychologists call a war-complex, but it is something we should try to guard against.

Which do you find it easier to read, a novel by Charles Dickens or some sidelight on the war? Can you resist the temptation to listen to the latest news? When you are talking with a friend does your conversation tend to revert time and time again to the war?

If your answer to all these queries is Yes the probability is that you are suffering from war-complex. The war is not merely uppermost in your thoughts; it is seeping into your life. This is bad for you.

However great the effort, it seems to be our duty to make serious attempts to think of other things.

No one can pretend that the war is not serious for us all; it is almost everything to us; but we should remember that there are other things, and we should keep our minds alive to the glorious truth that Life has a long time yet for Peace to reign.

Let us guard against the insidious encroachment of the war-complex. Let us try our hardest to concentrate our thoughts now and then on beautiful things, good things, sweet, clean, kindly, inspiring things, for by so doing we keep sunshine in our souls, the surest way of dispelling the chilling shadow of evil things.

On Compelling a Man to Save

SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY, president of the National Savings Committee, has something very pertinent to say of the proposal to make employers compulsorily deduct war savings from wages. He puts it thus:

"Hundreds of thousands of homes would be shattered. The circumstances of the small man vary from week to week, from day to day. No one except himself knows his obligations and his difficulties, while his margin is often nil, though it would appear to exist. If you were to introduce compulsory saving and hope to get anything approaching real justice you would have to have a sort of glorified means test on an enormous scale. If you did less you would cause endless injustice."

The economist, as we have said before, is too often tempted to forget that the taxpayer is a human being.

What the Government Can Do COMPLETE POWERS OVER ALL

THE Government is now in possession of the widest and strongest powers ever granted to a Government in our history.

In two hours the Commons, and in 20 minutes the Lords, passed through all its stages the Emergency Powers Bill under which every man, woman, and child, and all property in the United Kingdom, come under the complete control of the Government. The Royal Assent was given to the Bill 163 minutes after it was introduced.

Here are some of the powers and regulations which can be enforced under this Act.

The Minister of Labour may direct any person to perform any service required, prescribing the rate of pay, the hours of labour, and the conditions under which it is to be carried out.

He will be able to close down a business or compel it to carry on at a loss if he considers it essential to the country.

He may take some establishments under control at once and others at a later date.

He can require all employers to produce their books for examination

of payments, prices, wages, and so on.

All controlled businesses will in effect belong to the State, which will control the wages paid and the profits made, all excess profits being credited to the national funds.

The Minister of Labour will be able to distribute workers to any part of the country where work is waiting to be done, or establish works in districts suitable to their needs.

In all important centres Labour Supply Committees are to be set up to meet any difficulties in securing labour.

Firms will be grouped so as to use labour to the best advantage and to prevent waste.

The Government will be able to evacuate the people from any area and acquire any transport required.

Regulations for accommodating evacuees will be made compulsory.

The powers are drastic, but it does not follow that all will have to be used. Parliament also maintains its right to squash any Regulation it considers unsuitable, and the Act does not affect any of the private savings of the people.

Penelope of Inglewood

THE boys and girls of Inglewood in California love to pat Penelope's sleek bronze back, while all the dogs in the city make a point of meeting at the drinking fountain which the collie guards in front of the post office.

Thirteen years ago a schoolboy arrived home with a collie puppy which, though greatly petted, had a bothering habit of going on long voyages of exploration. One day Penelope, as the dog was called, did not come home, and for several days there was a hunt high and low. Then it was discovered that the dog had found a new master. It had formed the habit of waiting every morning for the postman, whom it would follow on his route.

The day's work over, Penelope would take leave of the postman at the corner where they met, and would then trot off to a home it had found near by, where it was welcomed each evening, and fed each morning before starting off on the mail route!

The postman grew very fond of his companion, and, rain or shine, the pair would be seen on the rounds together. During the 13 years of this partnership they walked over 60,000 miles!

Not long ago Penelope was knocked down by a car, and a bronze statue of the collie has been erected to its memory. The Penelope who waited for Ulysses was not more faithful than this dog.

Welcome to England



An English posy for a little refugee

Under the Editor's Table

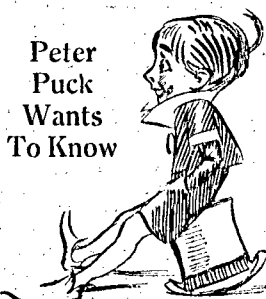
ONE French town has a blue-out instead of a black-out. In either case the Germans see red.

THE modern army must take petrol with it. Our lads have never lacked spirit.

MR EDEN is a man to watch, says a writer. "No doubt he will look out for himself."

ON a 13 bus, says a writer, you take in Cannon Street and St Paul's. Some bus, says our American friend!

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If you keep weeds down by pulling them up

THERE are fewer reserved occupations. The Government won't hold anything back.

THE boy who sticks to his job carries off the prize. He must first learn to carry on.

MR CHURCHILL'S foot is well down on the accelerator of the war machine. And most of us are in war gear.

WE have been reading Dorothy Fisk's successful book about the weather. It is fine.

In a Cornish Meadow



A milkmaid does the work of a man on a farm in Cornwall

JUNE

SINGING birds, eggs in a thousand nests, springing corn, larks greeting the early morning and singing vespers as the sun goes down, all these we expect in June.

This is the time to see cattle knee-deep in buttercups, the Hawthorn white with blossom, and labourers with scythes by the roadside, each one like a portrait of Time himself.

The first day of the month is known as the Glorious First of June in memory of a naval victory in 1794.

June 11 is St Barnabas Day, once an important feast; an old rhyme says:

*Barnaby bright,
Longest day and shortest night.*

Almost forgotten now is St Anthony of Padua, but his day, June 13, was at one time honoured in this country. He is declared to have preached an extraordinary sermon beginning, "Dearly beloved fish."

Two days later comes St Vitus's Day. He is believed to have lived

in the 4th century and was the patron of dancing.

June 18 is Waterloo Day, for it was on this day in 1815 that the decisive battle was fought and won to prevent Napoleon becoming Dictator of Europe.

June 20 is known in Warwickshire as Lady Godiva's Day. According to one tradition it is of special interest this year, an old story leading us to suppose that it is 900 years this month since Lady Godiva made her historic ride through the streets of Coventry.

Officially June 21 is the first day of summer; and about this time thousands of people visit Stonehenge to see the sun rise beyond the vast Stone Circle.

Midsummer Eve, June 23, is also known as the Vigil of St John the Baptist.

Alexandra Rose Day, June 26, is kept in honour of Queen Alexandra. The day was first celebrated in 1912, the 50th anniversary of the queen's arrival in England from Copenhagen as "the sea-king's daughter from over the sea."

FIVE GREAT EMPIRES

THE world has five great empires, using the word in a very wide sense. These are, in square miles:

British Empire...	13,400,000
Russian Empire	8,300,000
French Empire...	5,100,000
China	3,900,000
United States...	3,740,000

Total square miles 34,440,000

So we have the extraordinary fact that of the world's land of all sorts, good and bad, five empires include between them 34,440,000 out of the 56,000,000 square miles of the earth, two-thirds of the whole.

The share of France is not so big as it seems, for it includes so much African desert. The British Empire, too, includes 1,000,000 acres of the Sudan and more desert in

Australia; nevertheless the British countries, on the whole, include much of the world's best land. The United States area is almost entirely excellent land.

The empire having the biggest area within a single political boundary is Russia, and the Soviet Union covers a considerable range of climate, from the Arctic Circle to warm lands where cotton is grown.

The chief peculiarity and misfortune of Russia is that she is almost entirely cut off from the sea during many months in the year. It is no small thing that so enormous a people (about one in 12 of the world's entire population) should suffer so grave a disability. We should never forget such things, for they cause serious political trouble, and sometimes lead to war.

Is Your School Helping?

OVER 2500 schools are now collecting tinfoil for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund, over 17 tons having already been received from boys and girls. In addition over £3000 in cash has already been given by schools which are organised under a special section of their own.

All CN readers who collect stamps can add to their albums and help the Red Cross at the same time by buying at sixpence each one of the Centenary Souvenirs, a sheet of six stamps which include a facsimile of the first penny black stamp of 1840 and pictures of the Tower Bridge and the Boadicea

monument at Westminster Bridge. Information about these stamps can be obtained from the Philatelic Section of the Fund at the Mansion House, London.

Schools, like individuals, are now being asked to adopt prisoners of war and help to pay for the food parcel sent at a weekly cost of 16s a man. This scheme has a special interest because the school is told the name of the prisoner it adopts and the prisoner is given the name and address of the school. Money gifts should be sent to The Appeal Secretary, Prisoners of War Department, St James's Palace, S W 1.

CN CALLING

O beautiful my country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem,
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace, the crowning gem.
F. L. Hosiner

Now's the Day and Now's the Hour

Now's the day and now's the hour;

See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Hitler's power:

Chains and slavery.

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who will fill a coward's grave?
Who sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Who for Britain's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns, slightly adapted

A 17th Century Prayer

O HEAVENLY Father, subdue in me whatever is contrary to Thy holy will. Grant that I may ever study to know Thy will, that I may know how to please Thee. Grant that I may never run into those temptations which in my prayers I desire to avoid. Lord, never permit my trials to be above my strength.

SOME DAY

SOME day the fearful sound of war shall cease,
And men shall no more kill;
But all shall live in unison, to will

The will of God; and everywhere His peace
Shall spread her wings, and sing her heavenly lay,
O'er every land, to every heart,
some day. Charles M. Sheldon

Only Virtue Can Preserve Your Name

THE great difficulty is first to win a reputation; the next to keep it while you live; and the next to preserve it after you die, when affection and interest are over, and nothing but sterling excellence can preserve your name. B. R. Haydon

ST ANTHONY'S SERMON

June 13 is St Anthony's Day. This is the quaintest thing that has ever been written about him.

ST ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St Antonius.

Good eels and sturgeon
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling;

*Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.*



CARRY ON

Cromwell Calling

As everybody is quoting Cromwell now, the Editor has asked our great Cromwellian, Mr Isaac Foot, President of the Cromwell Association, to select a few passages from the Protector's Letters and Speeches. This is Mr Foot's selection, and he sends with them these four lines written by Andrew Marvell on the death of Oliver:

*Thee, many ages, hence, in martial verse,
Shall the English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse;
Singing of thee, in flame himself to fight
And, with the name of Cromwell, armies fright.*

It is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men, other nations, sometimes up and that we are got again to Peace; sometimes down in our honour and whoever shall seek to break it God Almighty root that man out of this Nation! And He will do it, let the pretences be what they may.

Peace-breakers—do they consider what they are driving towards? They should do it...

WE are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen, and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen; but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this nation, and the interest of it.

AND what are all our Histories and other Traditions of Actions in former times but God manifesting Himself, that He hath shaken, and tumbled down, and trampled upon, everything that He hath not planted.

WE are willing to be out of this trade of war; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest.

I do not think that God hath blessed this army for the sake of any one man. It matters not who is our Commander-in-Chief if God be so.

TRULY, I think he that prays best will fight best.

I HAD rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than that which you call a Gentleman and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed.

THE result was I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they were never beaten.

To His First Parliament

A VERY great People; and the best People in the world.

To His Second Parliament

WELL; your danger is as you have seen, and truly I am sorry it is so great; but I wish it to cause no despondency, as truly, I think, it will not, for we are Englishmen; that is one good fact.

To the Commissioners

GENTLEMEN, You see by this enclosed how sadly your affairs stand. It's no longer disputing, but out instantly all you can! Raise all your Bands; send them to Huntingdon; get up what Volunteers you can; hasten your Horses.

Send these letters to Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious and industrious!

You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means.

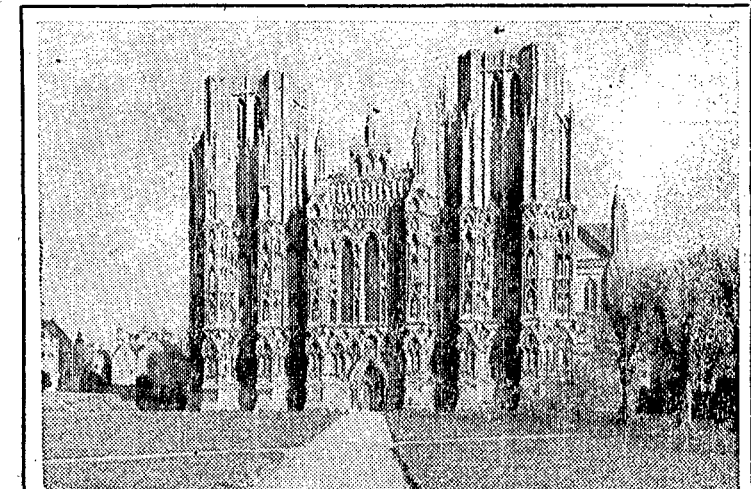
On the Eve of Dunbar

WE are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass of Copperspath, through which we cannot get without a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty, and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

The business nearly concerneth all good people. . . . but only the wise God knoweth what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be as it is.

To John Hampden

You must get men of a spirit . . . or else you will be beaten still.



The magnificent cathedral of Wells in Somerset was begun in the 12th century. Its 13th century west front, shown here, is ornamented with more than 300 statues and is considered one of the best examples of Early English architecture

There Was an Honest German

There was once an honest German. He was the Kaiser's Ambassador to London in 1914.

On the day the war broke out his wife was seen sobbing like a child in a garden not two minutes' walk from Piccadilly Circus. When the war was over Prince Lichnowsky wrote the story of his Mission to London. He knew who had made the war and why the Peace was broken, and it is an interesting document to recall today. We suggest it as a text for Dr. Goebbels the next time he takes the air.

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY came to London two years before the war, and was received with open arms. He could find no words too warm to describe his welcome; parties rivalled one another, he said, in their courtesy to him.

He found friends everywhere; he found no jealousy; he found great sympathy with Germany; and he was convinced soon after he came that under no circumstances whatever need Germany fear a British attack, or British support for an attack by any other country. Neither on account of the German Fleet nor on account of German trade would England ever have drawn the sword, he said:

More Than Fair Play

He found that it was the constant vigilance of the British Government to secure fair play, and more than fair play, for Germany. "We do not grudge Germany her colonial development," said a member of the British Cabinet to him; and again and again we made Germany concessions. In the grave discussions over the Balkan war, Prince Lichnowsky wrote, Britain hardly ever supported France and Russia, but supported Germany instead, in order not to give an excuse for a quarrel, "such as a dead archduke was to give later on."

We went to astonishing lengths to convince Germany of our goodwill. We tried to stop the mad race of building ships. It is amazing, but it is true, that the British Government introduced British capital into Germany and helped the development of the German colonies. Everybody tried to please this Government that was plotting to break the peace of Europe.

But, in spite of all this, said this honest Ambassador, Germany would not pursue the path of peace. With goodwill in Berlin, said the Prince, everything could have been settled at one or two sittings; but Germany wanted war. These are the words of Prince Lichnowsky:

We insisted on war. The impression grew stronger and stronger that we wanted war under any circum-

stances. It was impossible to interpret our attitude in any other way.

Germany was determined to bring about "the greatest catastrophe the world has ever seen." That terrible midnight came, and the next morning Prince Lichnowsky left this land where he had been so welcome, in which he had striven to save the world from war. Great people went to say goodbye to him. A special train was sent with him to Harwich, and he passed to his ship through a guard of honour.

It is something to be proud of to the end of our lives, the passing of Prince Lichnowsky. The Kaiser sent our Ambassador home as a bullying schoolmaster sends a pupil from his room. He sent the French Ambassador home with a soldier pointing a loaded pistol at his head for half an hour as they passed by the Kiel Canal. We sent home Prince Lichnowsky as a friend leaving friends, as an ambassador of humanity, and we read in his diary these words that fill us with pride: *I was treated like a departing sovereign.*

"Such was the end of my London mission," wrote the Prince. "It was wrecked, not by the wiles of the British, but by the wiles of our own policy."

British Liberty

The world has passed through dark years since then, and, writing after two years of war, Prince Lichnowsky said, with infinite pathos, that he realised too late that there was no room for him in the German system. And then he wrote, with an almost broken heart: "I had to support in London a policy the heresy of which I recognised. That brought down vengeance on me, because it was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

Prince Lichnowsky was under no delusion. He knew that Germany had lost the war. The future will belong, he said, to Anglo-Saxondom, and there will be realised the great dream of those who see the salvation of humanity in the expansion of British liberty.

So wrote the honest German.

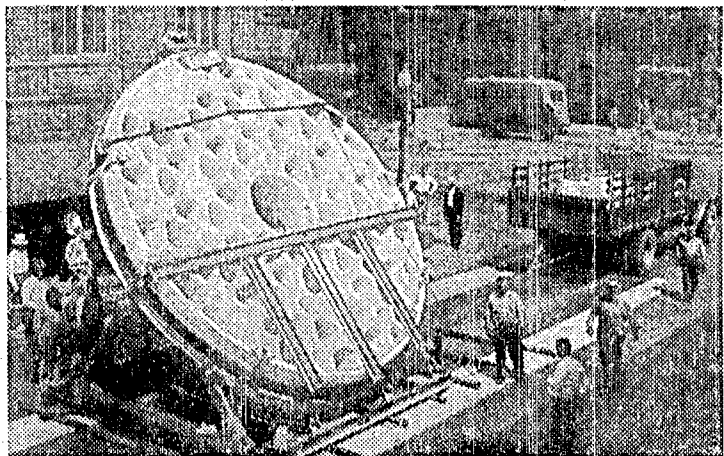
A Flaw in the Glass

NONE but astronomers are allowed to see the most wonderful piece of glass in the world, the 50-ton disc which is now being finished off in readiness for the giant telescope on Mount Palomar, California; but 3000 miles away another disc almost like it can be seen at Cornell in New York State, where it was cast in the glass works.

This disc, free for all comers to view, is propped up inside a little museum in the public square. It

was the first disc cast, and was nearly perfect but not quite. In the mould where it was cast were 114 cones to prop up the underside of the disc. One of them melted loose when the molten glass was poured in the mould, and a cone of solid glass was left where a hollow should have been.

This mishap flawed the whole vast disc of 17 feet diameter, and though the flaw was not fatal the second disc was cast.



The giant disc on its journey to the museum at Cornell

Life in Hedgerow, Pond, and Ditch

SOME of the sweetest singers are leaving the birds' choir now. If you can still hear the nightingale you will be very lucky, for about this time its song ceases; and to listen to its last music is almost as interesting as to listen for its first notes.

The redstart's song, too, will be rare, but you may hear one now and again. The young jackdaws and swallows are fledged, and very proud to show off their skill, although they are not yet very strong on the wing.

The redbreast's second brood is hatched, and the spotted flycatcher has a family of young birds; but the corncrake, whose harsh and grating crak-crak uttered for an hour at a time does not seem to tire it at all, is only just laying. This bird is very shy, and at the least alarm runs off swiftly through the undergrowth.

The Great Water Newt

From now on to July the newts haunt our ponds and ditches, and are very easily seen and caught. At other times of the year they are land creatures. The most striking variety is the great water newt, which, though only about six inches long, is big in comparison with the common newt. At this breeding season the male wears a fine upstanding frill all down his back, rather suggestive of a cock's comb, and he certainly looks important.

On the foliage of nettles, lettuce, or strawberries you will find that familiar caterpillar the woolly bear, so called because of his hairy coat, which affords him almost complete protection from the raids of greedy birds out foraging. There is one enemy, however, for whom those long black hairs, silver-tipped, have no terrors, and that is the cuckoo, who would as soon nip up a woolly bear as any other dainty morsel of the caterpillar kind. A little later, if he escapes the cuckoo, the caterpillar will change into a chrysalis, and then emerge as a tiger moth.

Dragon-flies on the Wing

Among the dragon-flies now to be seen is the large brown one; it is one of the biggest in this country. In the water where it emerges from the pupa stage we may find the shed skin it has left behind clinging to the reeds and looking like the creature itself, instead of being merely an empty shell.

Butterflies and moths are becoming commoner, among those now on the wing being the small blue and large skipper butterflies, and the pink underwing, tissue, and small elephant hawk moths.

Among the many fresh wild flowers that can now be gathered are the common speedwell, common vetch, dog-rose, sainfoin, scarlet pimpernel, cranesbill, small bindweed, honeysuckle, yellow iris, mallow, snapdragon, yellow vetchling, woody nightshade, the showy foxglove, and moss-rose.

IN PLACE OF COD LIVER OIL

Cod Liver Oil is known to all. Smith Minor confides to us that he knows it too well. It is an invaluable aid to health, highly charged with vitamins.

Owing to the scarcity of trawlers and the loss of Norwegian supplies, the oil is in very short supply, and an emergency substitute has been prepared, backed by the General Medical Council.

The substitute is ground nut oil. Ground nuts are Brazilian, and now extensively cultivated in many other lands. The properties of this oil are similar to those of olive oil, and it is charged with the invaluable vitamins A and D, and is a very good substitute.

Law For the World

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. The newspapers often speak of International Law. What do they mean by that?

Man. By International Law we mean law binding on all nations.

Boy. But who can bind them to obey law?

Man. Nations can be bound in many ways. First, by the growth of civilisation, which creates a common obedience to decent conduct. Second, by agreements with each other to do or not to do certain things. Third, by the creation of international courts or leagues to which they consent to submit disputes.

Boy. What you say about common obedience to decent conduct is, I suppose, the chief law with us at home.

Man. Of course it is. The law of the land is little trouble to the ordinary man in time of peace, because the law tells us to do things which an upright man naturally wishes to do, and not to do certain other things which an upright man does not dream of doing. That is why the ordinary man is not worried when he sees a policeman; it also explains why there are so few policemen and why these few have so little to do.

Boy. And you say that applies to international affairs?

Man. Yes, despite the present war and past wars, nations in recent times have mainly respected each other's affairs. People have travelled freely about the world and been greeted with respect and friendship in foreign lands.

Boy. Are there many agreements between nations, and do

those agreements help intercourse?

Man. Yes, we have already talked of the Postal Union by virtue of which letters are freely carried between nations, and of the wireless agreements by virtue of which each nation agrees to use definite wavelengths to prevent interference. There are also agreements about trade, ownership of property, marriage laws, fisheries, refusal to provide refuge for criminals, defence, conduct of war, and so on. These form a body of law always growing and binding the nations in mutual obedience.

Boy. And is there a law court presiding over all the nations?

Man. Yes, after the Great War the League of Nations was formed to prevent war and promote social and industrial justice throughout the world; and in connection with it a Permanent Court of International Justice was set up, elected by the League, to decide any difference arising out of legal points in international agreements.

Boy. Have they succeeded?

Man. The answer is Yes and No. Yes because much good work has been done. No because the main purpose of preventing war has failed and because not all the great nations joined the League.

Boy. Isn't that very sad?

Man. Indeed it is, but the attempt was, and remains, hopeful. It is only by trying and trying again that we can make progress in human affairs. Some day the League in some reformed shape will help to prevent war, and in those days the world, properly governed, will need very few policemen.

An Hour in a Fine Old House

WITH Nature's pageantry at its best all about us in the country, pageantry is living again this summer in the stately Eastbury House in which Barking has now housed its museum.

Here in a wealth of colour is an exhibition of the costumes our great actors wore in the characters by which they won fame.

The exhibition was happily opened by Miss Sybil Thorndike, who is herself represented in the galleries by the simplest dress of all, the peasant costume of Joan.

Irving Costumes

It is difficult to select the costume at the other extreme, so beautiful in colour, design, and craftsmanship is this wondrous array of clothes. One of the most gorgeous is the robe Sir Henry Irving wore as Cardinal Wolsey in Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth. The silk came from Italy, but it was found impossible to secure the exact colour, so the special dye had to be obtained from Italy too. Another Irving costume is that for his Mephistopheles in Faust, while many a drawing and photograph will remind our older readers of the great actor who shared with Ellen Terry the stage triumphs of last century.

Ellen Terry herself is well represented, and two cases are filled with photographs of her from childhood to serene old age. Few people have seen the head of her by G. F. Watts, for all but four of the prints were destroyed; but one of these is here.

Sir Herbert Tree was another actor who took great trouble about exactness in costume, and here we see the one he wore as Svengali in Trilby. More wonderful as a triumph in craftsmanship, however, is his embroidered coat and waistcoat worn as Sir Peter Teazle. Sir Percy MacQuoid designed all the costumes for this exquisite play of manners (Sheridan's School for Scandal), and the organisers of this exhibition have placed beside it for comparison an original waistcoat

of the period, sparkling with silver wire thread.

Original paintings and engravings record the costumes worn by actors of earlier days. There is a portrait of Mrs Satterthwaite by Richard Payne, and a fine group *All the World's a Stage* by Samuel de Wilde, the Dutchman who has preserved for us so much of our stage in the days of Edmund Kean, who is seen on these walls as Richard the Third.

The name of this bloodstained king reminds us of the treasures that are a continual delight at Eastbury House, for in one of these rooms is the spur worn by one who fought at Bosworth Field; it is still embedded in a projecting piece of a tree which caught and overthrew its wearer. Keeping it company is some of the finest armour in the country, yet nothing in Eastbury House struck one visitor as more dramatic than this bit of iron on a broken root from Bosworth, where "The day was done, the dog was dead," the monster Richard was no more, and the Tudor dynasty was on its way.

The Museum, of course, has many other treasures, and Barking is to be congratulated on the good use it is making of an Elizabethan manor house, saved for the nation in the nick of time by the National Trust a few years ago.

ABOUT BELGIUM

Belgium has an area of 11,775 square miles and a population of about 8,330,000.

Her frontiers are over 800 miles long; her seaboard is 42 miles.

Near the coast are the polders, low lands protected from the sea by dykes.

The highest hill is 2230 feet.

Brussels, the capital, has a population of 1,260,000.

Overseas Belgium owns what is known as the Belgian Congo, a colony in Africa of over 900,000 square miles, with a native population of 11,000,000.

June 8, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

7

LARRY LEAF was reading a letter which had just come and Joan Campion, sitting opposite him at the breakfast table, watched him uneasily. Joan was a neat, compact little girl of twelve and, though she had never seen Larry till about five weeks ago she and her brother Bill had become very fond of him.

Larry had been ill when he arrived at Crest Farm, the Campions' comfortable home on the Cornish coast, or—rather—he was just getting better after a bad go of flu. When he first came he could hardly walk, but he had always been cheerful and plucky and had given no trouble to anybody. Not only Joan and Bill but their parents and the people on the farm liked him.

Now he was almost well; his face was brown as a berry, and he could run and swim almost as well as Joan and Bill.

A Letter From Home

LARRY was always up in good time and on this particular morning he and Joan were ahead of the rest of the family, so were alone in the sunny kitchen of the big farmhouse. And while they waited for the others Larry had opened the letter he found on his plate.

It was worrying him—Joan could see that.

"What's the matter, Larry?" she demanded.

Larry looked up. "I've got to go home, Joan," he said in a strained voice.

"Go home! But you were to stay all the summer."

"I know, but Dad's in trouble. He's lost a lot of money. His partner has bolted and it looks as if we were nearly ruined. I shall have to go back."

Bill came plunging into the room. Bill was 14, a big powerful youngster, with sandy hair and bright blue eyes.

"Cray says the mackerel are in. I've got the boat. We'll go out whiffing."

"Larry says he has to go home, Bill," Joan told him bluntly.

Larry explained and Bill was horrified.

"It's rotten luck, your father losing money, but your going home won't do any good, Larry. It'll only cost him more."

"But he can't afford to pay for me here, Bill," Larry said quietly. "And you certainly can't afford to keep me for nothing."

Mr and Mrs Campion came into the room, and again Larry had to explain.

"But indeed we'll keep you, Larry," Mr Campion said quickly.

LARRY'S LAST DAY

A Complete Story by Tom Gifford

"We are all fond of you and you give no trouble."

"It wouldn't be fair," Larry said firmly. "And Dad wouldn't agree to it."

Breakfast was a sad and silent meal but afterwards Larry said to Bill. "We have today, Bill, and it's a topping morning. Let's go after the mackerel."

"May as well," said Bill heavily. "The tackle's in the boat. Come on."

The three got into the stout dinghy and pulled out round Trusk Point. They put out the mackerel lines but had no luck, and Bill suggested that they should anchor at a "mark" beyond the Point and try for pollack.

They got several and a couple of large, brightly-coloured wrasse, then all of a sudden Larry had a terrific bite.

"It's a conger," cried Bill. "Hold on, Larry."

"It isn't a conger," Larry panted. He was hanging on to the stout line with all his might, but the fish, whatever it was, pulled so hard that the boat's gunwale was nearly under water. "I believe it's a ray. Get up the anchor or he'll break me."

Between them, Bill and Joan hauled up the light three-pronged anchor. At once the boat began to move.

"That's good," gasped Larry, as he took a turn of the line round a cleat. "I couldn't have held him another minute."

The great fish cruised on down the coast, hauling the boat behind him. He didn't go fast but seemed quite tireless. Now and then Larry tried a pull but he might as well have tried to pull up a piano.

An hour passed and they were a couple of miles from their starting point. To the right was the great Shutter Reef, among the rocks of which the smooth swells broke with a heavy roar. The ray drove straight towards them. The weather was changing. A dark cloud was rising over the hills inland and the air had become sultry.

"This won't do," said Larry. "We shall have to cut."

"No," cried Joan. "We can't lose this monster, can we, Bill?"

"I don't know, old thing," Bill said doubtfully. "It's risky. Boats never go through the Shutters."

"But it's so calm," Joan urged. "You can keep her off the rocks with the oars, Bill."

It was true there was no wind, yet the roar of the swells breaking among the great black rocks was alarming. Larry tried once more to turn the fish, but it was no use and he got out his sheath knife to cut the line.

"Wait a jiffy," said Bill. "It looks as if there's room to get through." The ray drove straight through a channel between two huge weed-hung crags. The boat rolled dangerously, a great splash of spray stung their faces, then they were through. Joan gave a cry of amazement.

"What a wonderful place! I had no idea there was anything like this on our coast."

They were in a deep, quiet pool cut off from the sea by the tall rocks of the Shutter. On the coast side were cliffs quite 200 feet high and so steep that they actually overhung, but at their foot, between them and the water, was a beach of yellow sand.

"Get the gaff," Larry ordered. "The ray's nearly done." He was hauling at the line with all his strength and now at last the giant fish was yielding when suddenly it dived again and for a second time the boat was nearly upset.

Lunch in the Cave

It was the ray's last struggle. Next minute it was flopping on the surface. Bill gaffed it, but it was so big they could not lift it into the boat, and Larry held the gaff while Bill rowed to the beach. There they hauled the monster ashore and killed it and pulled up the boat. Just then big drops of rain began to spatter the sand.

"A cave. Look, there's a cave!" Joan cried and ran for shelter.

The rock chamber ran deep into the cliff, with an arched roof and a floor of the same yellow sand as the beach.

"A topping place," Bill observed, but his voice was almost drowned by a roar of thunder, then the rain came down in sheets.

"It won't last long," said practical Joan. "We'd better have lunch. I've got the basket."

"All right," said Bill. "Lay it out, Joan, while Larry and I have a look round."

It was dark at the back of the cave but Larry had a torch. He and Dick found a second chamber at the back of the first. When Larry flashed his light into it both boys pulled up short. Against the far wall were piled a quantity of boxes and barrels. Some had fallen to pieces, but others were sound.

"A smuggler's cave," Larry breathed. "Bill, there might be treasure."

"And if there were you wouldn't have to go back to Merchester," said Bill.

They rushed at the boxes and began to search them.

The boxes were really chests, being of heavy planking bound with iron. But the iron had rusted and the wood rotted. There were lots of bottles and barrels, too, all empty. One case had held clothes, but very little was left except buttons; another was full of old books and papers. These were still in fair condition.

Joan came in, wondering what had become of them and joined vigorously in the search, but not a thing of value could they find except one silver coin, a shilling dated 1797, and three of the heavy old copper pennies of George the Third. Bill straightened his big body. "Nothing at all," he said in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"We're no worse off than we were before," replied Larry pluckily. "Anyhow, you could hardly expect

smugglers to leave their money behind them. Let's go and lunch."

All three sat down to lunch in the outer cave. They were very silent as they ate; all three were thinking that this was almost the last meal they would have together. Tomorrow Larry would have to go back to grimy, noisy Merchester.

By the time they finished lunch the rain had stopped and the sun was out again.

They walked slowly down to the boat. The rain had beaten the sand hard and washed little gullies in it. Joan, stepping across one of these, put her foot on what she thought was a stone, slipped and would have fallen if Larry hadn't grabbed her.

"Why, it's slippery!" she said. "Some of that filthy oil they're always pouring out from oil-burners," Bill explained. "Kills the sea birds."

But Larry had stopped and was bending down, looking at the stuff. "It isn't oil, Bill. It's wax."

"Wax! Nonsense! It's as black as tar. Come on." But Larry did not move. He had his knife out.

"It's wax, I tell you. What's more, it's bees-wax. I know, for Dad's firm deals in wax and resins."

"Beeswax on the beach!" exclaimed Joan. "How did it get here?"

"From a wreck. Of course it floats. And it keeps almost for ever. I say, I wonder if there's any more."

There was. Within an hour they had over 50 pounds, which they loaded into the boat.

"And I believe there's a lot more," Larry observed.

Next day Mr Campion went with the others to the Hidden Cove. Leaving the others to dig for wax, he went into the cave. He was there a long time and, when he came back he was carrying a quantity of papers tied with string. The look on his face gave the three youngsters a thrill.

"You've found something, Dad?" Bill cried.

"I don't know," replied his father. "I can't be sure. I don't know much about these things, but there are some documents that look to me as if they might be valuable."

Joan's eyes glowed.

"I'm sure you're right, Dad. Then Larry will be able to stay. And, Dad, we've found a whole lot more wax—enough to load the boat."

"We must take the papers back first," Mr Campion told them. "Help me to carry them down. We'll get Mr Bolitho to look at them."

Treasure

MR BOLITHO was the clergyman of the parish, a dear old man who himself collected old books. He came down to the farm that afternoon and was so busy with the contents of the chest they could hardly persuade him to come to tea.

"It's a great find," he told them. "You should send them to London. I have no doubt they will fetch several hundreds of pounds."

Bill gave a yell of joy. "Larry can stay," he shouted. "And the money will help his father."

"You'll jolly well take half," said Larry stoutly.

Mr Campion explained things to the puzzled clergyman and he was as pleased as the rest. All the papers and books were packed and sent to a firm whose address Mr Bolitho gave them, and Larry at once wrote to his father, who gave him leave to stay on.

A fortnight later came news that the contents of the smuggler's chest had sold for no less than £1200.

The money was divided between the Campions and Larry, and Larry insisted that his father should take his share.

"It will give me a fresh start," Mr Leaf wrote to Mr Campion. "And tell Larry to keep the money from the beeswax. He can do as he likes with it."

"We'll do up the boat," Larry said. "And get a new sail, and a lot of fresh fishing tackle and—"

Joan cut in. "And save some for next year's holiday, Larry. Don't forget that."

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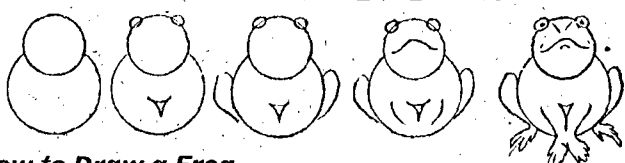
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BEDTIME CORNER



How to Draw a Frog

Use a penny and a sixpence to draw the first figure and proceed by adding the lines as shown

GENTLE Shepherd, make Thy child Pure and gentle as the dew; Keep my spirit undefiled, Waking, sleeping, kind and true. May my slumber quiet be, Angels watching over me.

A Bible Question

Who was the man that built a floating home for his family and animals? *NOON*

A VAIN jackdaw thought to make himself beautiful by fastening some peacock feathers on his back, but when he tried to join a family of peacocks they soon discovered

his ruse and drove him away. Then he went back to his own kind, the jackdaws, only to find that they also would not be friends with him.

If we pretend to be better than we are we make ourselves unpopular.

REARRANGE these letters to form a boy's name—RDEF. *FEED*

GIVE happiness, O Lord, to our home, that it may be the dwelling-place of Peace. Fill my heart with love for those who guard and shelter me, and make me worthy of their loving care. Amen



The names of all these things found in the countryside and by the seashore begin with the letters J and K. A list of them will be given next week

In and Out

WHEN a friend of a great scholar tried to persuade him to become a member of a learned Society he answered:

"If I were a member of the Society people might ask 'Why is he there?' I prefer that they should ask 'Why is he not there?'"

The Food Question

SAID a whale to his cronies, the seals,
"What a difficult problem are meals!
Winkles served up for tea
(In their shells) disagree,
And I'm getting quite sick of stewed eels!"

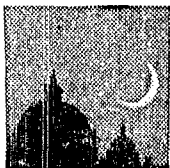
What is a Guinea?

THE first gold guinea was struck in 1664, and was made from gold obtained in Guinea, from where it got its name. It remained popular until 1817, when the first sovereign was introduced.

The value at first was twenty shillings, but it increased in price until its value in 1695 was as much as thirty shillings. It was finally fixed at twenty-one shillings.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Mars, and Mercury are low in the north-west.
In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9.30 on Sunday evening, June 9.



Queries

I CANNOT understand a lot
Of things I have to learn;
For if the Sun is really hot,
How is it we don't burn?

Nor do I understand at all
Why "pinks" are sometimes
white;
And if the Earth is like a ball,
How can we stand upright?

The Sleepers and the Listeners

ONE day at an audience several councillors fell asleep and others talked too noisily. Someone remarked: "If those gentlemen who are conversing made as little noise as those gentlemen who are sleeping it would be very pleasing to the gentlemen who are listening."

Riddle in Rhyme

I NESTLE in the rose's heart,
I ripple in the breeze,
I hide me in the rugged bark
Of all the leafy trees.

The tidal river runs with me
Across its sandy bar;
I glitter in the rainbow,
I shine in every star.

I ruffle out the robin's throat,
I twitter with the wren.
And wander with the timid birds
That shun the haunts of men.

I revel in things radiant,
And often after dark,
I help the glow-worms in the lane
To show a tiny spark.
Then seek me, hunt me, if you
will
With telescopic glass,
And all the while I'm near at
hand,
Just hiding in the grass.

Answer next week

Forcible Entry

THE Optimist: "I feel so happy
that I am continually breaking
into song."

The Pessimist: "If only you
would get the right key you
wouldn't need to break in."

Four Words in One

WHAT is the word of seven letters
in which the first two letters
signify a man, the first three a
woman, the first four a brave man,
and the whole a brave woman?
Heroine.

How Brazil Got Its Name

BRAZIL originally took its name from the fact that a very hard wood of reddish colour grows there in great abundance. So brilliant is this wood when a log is split that the Portuguese gave it the name of *brazo*, which means live coal.

In speaking of this country the Portuguese often referred to it as the place of the live coal wood, and gradually the word Brazil came into general use.

Jacko Just In Time



Jacko and Chimp were camping out. They had chosen a nice spot in the woods and were settling down to enjoy themselves. Jacko had just got the kettle boiling when a sudden noise behind made them look up. It was a donkey—with its head in the hamper! "Scout!" shouted Jacko, waving his arms. "The beggar's after the cakes," he added indignantly.

How George Stephenson Wrote His Name

AS the father of the railway George Stephenson benefited all mankind. The son of a poor colliery engineer, he was born at Wylam near Newcastle on June 9, 1781. He triumphed over all obstacles and built one of the earliest successful locomotives to run on rails.

This is how he wrote his name:

George Stephenson

Romance

LITTLE Miss Noun
Through Grammar-book Town
Took a walk on a sunny day,
When along came a verb,
Looking simply superb,
So they went and got wed straight
away.

Hidden Fish

THE name of a fish is concealed in each of the following phrases. Can you find them?

Be calmer, O aching heart! I have seen dogs push a door open. Let's have a good frolic, O do, dear father! Our teacher rings the bell five minutes too soon. Decatur bothered the Algerines more than once. Place the crowbar below the log in order to raise it.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Cross Word Puzzle

Jumbled Army	CENIALAB
Ranks	AVE MID A
Private, major,	SEWS DARN
captain, lieutenant,	NEWT BOA
ant, bombardier.	PLIAISON
Transposition	ONFITMA
Oslo, Loos, solo.	SETTLERS
	ERE SMEW
	ROAM SPAR

Ici on Parle Français

A Jackdaw's Treasures

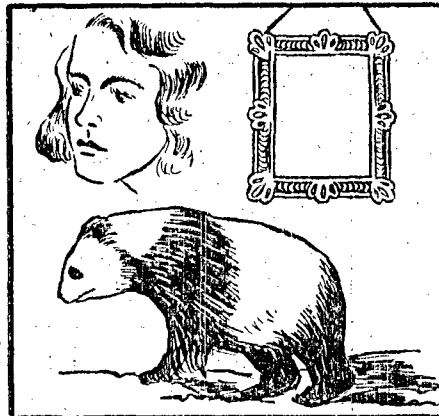
A correspondent gives the following list of things he found in a jackdaw's nest.

A folded copy of an evening paper, parts of two weekly papers and a page from a ladies' fashion book, a dozen shirt buttons, several pieces of white cloth, a button hook, two dozen hairpins, three ladies' curling pins, a blade of a pocket-knife, several steel pens, nine tops of lemonade bottles, a darning needle, the lid of a mustard tin, and a pair of eyeglasses without the glass in them.

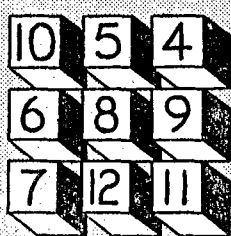
Le Trésor Du Choucas

Un correspondant nous envoie la liste suivante des objets qu'il a trouvés dans le nid d'un choucas.

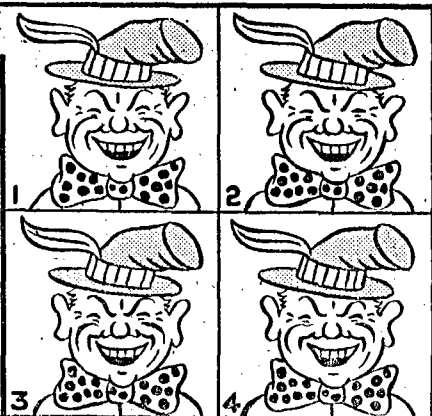
Un exemplaire plié d'un journal du soir, des fragments de deux journaux hebdomadaires et une page d'un journal de modes, une douzaine de boutons de chemise, plusieurs lambeaux d'étoffe blanche, un tire-bouchon, deux douzaines d'épingles à cheveux, trois épingles à friser, une lame de canif, plusieurs plumes en acier, neuf capsules de bouteilles de limonade, une aiguille à repriser, le couvercle d'une boîte à moutarde, et un pince-nez sans verres.



PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK



Take two consecutive letters from the name of each object shown to spell a country much in the news.

To make a magic square (in which any three figures in a straight line add up to the same total) five of these blocks must be moved. Can you replace them correctly?

Can you cut this figure into four equal pieces that can be arranged to form a square?

Only two of these four portraits are exactly alike. Which are they?

WS 41

The Children's Newspaper is printed in England and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. June 8, 1940, S.L.

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CN SHORTAGE

Please Pass it On

THE Editor greatly regrets that at present there are not enough copies of the CN to go round, and that no new copies can now be sent by post.

HE will be grateful to any readers who can manage to pass their copies to readers who fail to get their own.

